

# The Manifesto.

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The Gospel Testimony of Mother Ann  
Lee and the Elders, William Lee and  
James Whittaker.

No. 14.

*Published expressly for the several Commu-  
nities of Believers in 1816. Re-written by  
Henry C. Blinn.*

SOME of the Believers attempted to address the crowd, but were soon admonished, to hold their peace, as some ruffian would deal them a severe blow with a whip or a cane. One hour was allowed the Believers in which to make preparations for their journey. The time was very limited in which to do the many needful duties, especially when we consider that more than a hundred people, of all ages, were in the place, and many of them fifty or more miles from home. At the expiration of the hour the Believers were ordered to march. The Sisters were permitted to ride in a carriage or on horseback, but the Brethren were forbidden this privilege, although many of them had horses.

About one half of the mob formed the advance guard. Next came the Believers, while the remainder of the mob brought up the rear. The Brethren who lived in the town of Harvard were determined to follow their Brethren and

Sisters, although forbidden by the leaders of the mob. As this large body of religious persecutors were nearly all on horseback, they obliged the Believers to move along with considerable speed. The infirm and those advanced in age who did not walk so fast as their inhuman drivers thought proper, were rudely and cruelly admonished by a severe stroke of a whip or some other instrument of torture.

If any one attempted to admonish these persecutors for their cruelty, a blow from a lash or stick, on his head or face soon convinced him of the danger of reasoning with an unprincipled mob, whose loving kindness is bitter and whose tender mercies are cruel. Several of the Believers, on that day, found by sad experience, that it was in vain, to attempt to moderate the cruelty of such savage hearts.

Quite soon after the procession had started, one of the Believers attempted to repeat a prayer, but a number of cruel blows over the head and face, forbid his proceeding. Prayers were not allowed.

When the company reached the dwelling of Jeremiah Willard, two of the Brethren from his place came out to speak to their friends. As Abijah Worcester was shaking hands with one

in the ranks, a man by the name of Houghton rode up and struck Abijah a severe blow on the head with a goad. Abijah was then placed under guard, ordered into the ranks and marched along with the company.

At Still River the whole body were ordered to halt. They had marched three miles. "Now we will have a little diversion," said one of the leaders, and orders were given that James Shepard should be soundly whipped.† A ring was soon formed and sticks cut from the bushes, preparatory to the whipping. Several persons were appointed to the work and directed to give the prisoner a certain number of strokes. James was ordered to take off his coat and vest. He then kneeled and prayed, "Be of good cheer, Brethren, for it is your Heavenly Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

On hearing these words one man, Isaiah Whitney without waiting for orders, gave James several severe strokes with his horsewhip. Eleazer Rand and Jonathan Slosson arrived at the time of the whipping. Eleazer immediately placed himself between James and his persecutors. This act of Christian kindness so enraged the mob that they beat him with their clubs, canes and whips most unmercifully. Others of the Brethren followed the example of Eleazer till the confusion of the scene brought this act of cruelty to an end.

William Morey did not hesitate to reprove Farnsworth, the captain of the mob, for permitting such acts of inhumanity, such abusive conduct, and

such shocking cruelty. Farnsworth was so enraged at this reproof that he struck William in the face with great violence and broke out several of his teeth.

This scene over, the Believers were again placed in marching order and driven with greater speed than before for a distance of three more miles which brought them to the line between Harvard and Bolton. At this place the Brethren from Harvard called at the house of Zacheus Stevens, which was near the boundary line. Several Sisters came to the door and begged of the Brethren not to leave their gospel friends, so long as they were driven by those cruel persecutors. It was a word in due season, and the response came, "We will go with our gospel friends, as far as the mob goes."

At the town line a strong guard was placed to prevent the Brethren from Harvard from advancing. They were sternly forbid from passing over the line. These Brethren however, claimed a perfect right to travel on the highway, and were determined to proceed. Being opposed by the mob they cried out, "Are you highway robbers?" "We will go as far as you go, and will not leave our Brethren and Sisters in your merciless hands."

"If you attempt to cross the boundary line of the town," said the captain, "we will spill your blood in the sand."

Regardless of the threats, the Brethren from Harvard proceeded, but were inhumanly beaten with clubs, by the captain and his guards. Eleazer, at this time received a blow that broke his arm. Frightened at their own cruel deeds, the guards fled and the Harvard Brethren went on and joined the body of Believers.

†JAMES was the only person in the company, that came with the Believers from England and as they had been disappointed in not finding Mother Ann and the Elders, their sanity was turned toward this poor man, and they resolved to whip him for all the others.

From the place where the mob halted to whip James Shepard, to the town of Lancaster was one continued scene of cruelty and abuse. Horsewhipping, pounding, beating with clubs, collaring, pushing off from bridges into the water, frightening the horses that were guided by the Sisters, and every kind of abuse that their malicious minds could invent, without the taking of life. Indeed it seemed miraculous that none lost their lives while subjected to such cruel and continued persecutions.

One of the Brethren, Jonathan Bridges, for neglect to march at their required speed was whipped nearly every step for the distance of a quarter of a mile. Jonathan at last became so faint that he fell by the side of the road.

As Eleazer Rand was repeating the words,—“O Lord,” a man named Priest seized him by the collar, shook him severely and commanded him to hold his tongue.

“I have the right and I will pray,” said Eleazer.

Eleazer was now cruelly pushed for a rod or more and then hurled against a stone wall.

“Did you stop the dog from praying,” said Houghton.

“No,” said Priest, “I could not unless I had killed him.”

If any of the aged Brethren attempted to mount a horse, to obtain some relief while on this wearisome journey, some one from the persecutor’s ranks would immediately ride up to him and with the butt of his whip-stock, soon force him to dismount.

At Lancaster the leaders of the mob held consultation, and then dismissed the Believers with this injunction, “If any of you shall ever be seen again in

Harvard, any person of this party present, shall have full power to tie you up and whip you, without judge or jury,” and then added, “We now have a farther work to do with these Harvard Shakers.”

After this dismissal the Believers found a resting place under the shade of a large, beautiful elm, and once more having the divine right to breathe freely, they expressed their gratitude and thankfulness by uniting in prayer, and giving thanks to God that they were counted worthy to suffer persecution for the testimony of the gospel. It was the outpouring of a thankful spirit from many honest hearts, after having suffered such cruel persecutions, from the hands of those who denominated themselves the followers of Christ and advocates of religious liberty.

Perhaps they were too soon in their demonstrations of thankfulness. The mob heard the prayers. These were piercing reproofs to guilty consciences. The mob was provoked, and again rushed upon the Believers and commenced another inhuman scene of cruelty. Neither age nor sex was regarded in this indiscriminate lashing and beating. It was done, seemingly, with as little regard for the feelings of men and women as though it had been a herd of swine. After this burst of fury had been exhausted the mob retired from the place.

Once more the Believers were permitted to breathe freely, and yet they were not quite sure that the blessed relief was more than a momentary blessing. They could now hold communion with the apostle, when he said, “We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not altogether without help or means. Per-

secuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

The Harvard Brethren now bade their gospel friends an affectionate farewell, and the wish, "God bless you," went up from every heart as the parties began their journeys toward their own homes.

Those returning to Harvard were beaten more or less, by the mob, while on their way home. An aged brother, Jonathan Clark, was struck several times with the butt of a loaded whipstock, by a man named Houghton. On entering the town of Harvard, the mob stopped at Captain Pollard's and formed a ring. Up to this time they had kept Abijah Worcester under guard. He was now charged with going about and breaking up families and churches, and it was declared that he should be whipped. By vote of the mob, Jonathan Houghton and Elijah Priest were appointed to be the whippers, after several nominations. It was decided by vote that he should receive twenty lashes. He was immediately stripped to the waist and tied to a tree, when Houghton laid on his ten strokes. Suddenly, a respectable and humane citizen, James Haskell, rode to the place and seeing this case of cruelty, dismounted from his horse, and throwing off his coat and vest, cried out, "Here! here!! If there are any more stripes to be given let me take the rest."

On hearing these words from Haskell the mob did not dare to proceed, and Abijah was immediately set free. Having put on his garments, he began to sing, which he continued to do till he reached the house of Zacheus Stevens. There were persons in the company, who made no profession of a religious faith,

that were so affected with the sufferings of Abijah that they could not refrain from weeping. At this place the mob dispersed and were not seen again.

Many of the citizens of the town of Harvard were much displeased with the proceedings of this churchal persecution. Not only in Harvard but through the whole course of the seven miles, which the Believers were driven, many were greatly dissatisfied with the abusive conduct of the mob. Some ventured to remonstrate against the cruelty, but were generally answered by curses and a reminder that they might possibly be served in the same manner.

It will be well to remark that the conduct and testimony of some of the young Believers, while on the road had a tendency to exasperate the mob to greater acts of cruelty than they probably, would have committed, had strict silence been maintained. Many of them had accepted the faith but a few months, and were full of zeal, and being divested of all fear of man, they would sing, and shout and pray, and praise God that they were counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake and the gospel.

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#### Condition and Destiny of our Race.

GILLES B. AVERY.

THE age in which we live, in all civilized society of the human family, is rife with action; progress is the motor that is prompting and propelling human destiny; unrest appears to characterize the substratum of human character, in the present phase of human history. This spirit is propelling the inquisitive element in mankind to seek to know the

truth, the undeniable reality of all the multiform fruits of the tree of knowledge, in every lineament of human capacity, physical, mental and psychical.

The avenues of both mental and psychical communion are opened to the perceptions and understandings of human beings to a degree, as we believe, never before experienced by our race; and, from the tomes of the history of human progress consigned to the inhabitants of our age, that have survived the ravages of time, together with the light and truth revealed to man in the present era, by ministering angels of intelligence on errands of love from the shrine of Wisdom, there are brilliant orbs of light and truth shedding their lustre of life and power upon the human family, and urging it on a march of truthful improvement, unknown, as we believe, in all the cycles of past ages.

The vital question of the hour is, How near heaven's appointed course is the ark of human destiny now sailing by the winds and waves of power operating upon our race? Apostolic light perceived humanity's life progress "first, in that which is natural, afterwards that which is spiritual." Following this wake on life's ocean, we observe that the immense progress of science and art attained by man during the last half century is without a parallel in human history in the knowledge of the present generation. A knowledge of man's physical constituency has, it appears, almost reached the pinnacle of wisdom. Mental researches have unearthed the mines of knowledge, brought out and coined, in the mint of philosophy, the treasures of science and art applicable to the needs of man's material existence in labor-saving machinery, and in the

quick transmission of ideas to great distances,—which, were it husbanded for the benefit of all classes of human society, would so much lessen human toil for support as to allow a great amount of time for the enlightenment of the minds of the masses of society, promoting intelligence calculated to bless and happify our race. It has been estimated that the labor-saving machinery of the State of Massachusetts alone is equal to the manual labor of one half the inhabitants of the globe.

But to such an extent have the cupidity and selfishness of mankind been extended, that, comparatively speaking, the great mass of the human race are but very moderately elevated and blessed thereby. Many of the necessities of life are now produced so cheaply that, were the benefits justly shared by the human family, earth might become a Paradise.

But, it is most sorrowful, the great mass of mankind have not yet discovered the value of reciprocity and communion of interests, and that those only are truly wealthy who can measure their stores by their ability and determination to contribute to the benefit of other beings, after the precept of the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so to them."

The iron rule of selfishness puts manacles on the hands of charity, and locks with clasps of steel the purses of benevolence! Thus the golden bowl of love is broken at the fountain, and the rivulets of blessings are sapped and dried up at the springs. Consequently, bitter water of cursing are poured out of rancorous lips, while famished tabernacles of palsied souls are groping in melancholy ravines

and desolate valleys of want and woe.

The God-given Mosaic key, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is not used to unlock the doors of humanity's hoarded pelf and distribute to the needy: and that Christian love that would lay down one's life for his friend's is seldom to be witnessed; though the example of Jesus is adored in speech and admired in thought, but esteemed as a virtue of an impracticable age even by those who call themselves most honorable Christians!

But, as it hath been said by him whose life was manifestly a consecration to the happiness of mankind, by an effort to save the race from sin, the cause of all human sorrow, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And the Prophetic Age is at hand, when heavenly messengers are descending to earth to teach mankind a more just, better, and happier life, to harvest man from the fields of sin, yea, even from the low animal plane—the old stock of narrow, selfish families—"the clusters of the vine of the earth," (see *John the Revelator*,) and make him a guest in the chambers of the great family of Christ, who inherit "the city that hath (eternal) foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

This "*vine of the earth*" is the power and work of generation. One of the angels, seen by the Revelator John, told another angel, who held a sharp sickle, to "thrust in his sickle and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth, for her grapes are fully ripe." These clusters are natural families; and the work of the day that is now dawning upon human society is a time when harvesting angels from the spirit world, and those souls in

the mortal body who follow Christ in the regeneration, are about to reap souls who are seeking for a higher life than the low, degraded state of militant selfish man, swallowed up in sensuality, and the lusts of a perverted life, and garner them into the heavenly mansions of souls who are saved from sin and being redeemed from its nature of temptation, thence to live a virgin celibate life in a community of saintly souls who are overcoming the world, and shaking loose from its every shackle of sinful nature.

"These are they who follow the Lamb (of God the Christ) whithersoever he goeth." He is the first Great Shaker who opened up the way of salvation and redemption to man, thus beginning the fulfillment of that most gracious and merciful prophecy from the God of heaven. "Yet once it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth, the sea and the dry land, and I will shake all the nations, and the desires of all nations shall come, and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts." (Hag. ii., 6, 7.) This house is the tabernacle of the souls who have "washed their robes white in the blood (life) of the Lamb"—that is, by *living* the life as Christ did—by overcoming the world in himself.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

## THE MISSION OF ANGELIC LIFE.

DANIEL FRASER.

GRATIFICATION without reference to use, stands athwart the path of those who seek to establish "the Divine order of human society" in the midst of the confusions and antagonisms of the earth life. In going forth to do that great



work of human continuity, there are some leading facts to be kept in view. Gratification without reference to use, leads first, to bodily disease. Second, to social troubles. These carried to a certain extent, create an all pervading atmosphere of selfish unreasonableness. Violations of the laws of health, and of social adjustments, are the factors in the formation of human hells. Bodily disease, hell, and social disturbances, form a oneness. Hell may be defined as an assemblage of human spirits having no common center, seeking gratification to the injury of themselves and others. Each spirit setting itself up to be an independent center of influence—to be a god. Whether spirits are in or out of the body, the antagonisms of such a life, shows the necessity of a Divine central spirit to gravitate to, revolve around, and to maintain harmony with; otherwise, each spirit will be a center of discord. Hence the first efforts, in beginning to establish divine life,—heaven in the hells of earth, or in those of the spirit land—will be directed to manifest a center of love and good-will to all spirits. To preach a gospel of right living and of right doing. And of, not only justice, but beneficence to the poor and oppressed, to heal the broken-hearted, give deliverance to the captive, and comfort to the sorrowing. This class of spirits are the first to be cared for. Those who have broken human hearts, made captives of, and abused their fellows, can only be released by, and through the good-will and mercy of those who have been abused and trampled upon. “Whatever measure ye mete unto men, will be measured to you again.” The laws of the moral universe are as invariable,

omnipotent and harmonious, as are those of the material world.

With such a mission, you cannot at all times find an entrance into the hells. There are spiritual times and seasons. When these are favorable, and “the spirit of the Lord is upon you,” then go forth and declare the life and the principles that put an end to human hatreds, oppressions, war and strife. Most assuredly, the words of the prophets will be fulfilled. “None shall say I am sick.” “Death and hell shall be swallowed up in victory.” “Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; thy walls shall be salvation, and thy gates praise. Thy people shall all be righteous, a little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. I the Lord will hasten it in his time.”

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

[Contributed by C. Jacobs.]

#### PRAYER.

MORE things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats,  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so, the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.—*Tennyson.*

#### AGAIN.

’Tis all for lack of sacrifice  
That souls are stinted in their growth  
Our God is just and makes returns  
For all we give in greater worth:  
But he who holds his selfish life  
And will not render time and pains  
For others good is of the earth  
And in the world that soul remains.

*Canterbury, N. H.*

*M. W.*

## FRIENDSHIP.

F. A. CASE.

FROM heaven's garden God did take  
 One of his choicest flowers,  
 To plant it in the heart of man,  
 And happier make his hours.  
 Yet rarer flower can now be found,  
 For choked and overgrown  
 By thorns and weeds of selfishness  
 That Satan's hands hath sown.  
 God plants it first, in infant's heart,  
 When pure and white as snow,  
 Unspotted by the soot of sin  
 Or tracks of human woe.  
 When youthful days its life entwine.  
 Deception's dirt ne'er chokes;  
 Its growth is like the Ivy vines  
 That wind about the oaks.  
 It lifts the fallen from disgrace,  
 And makes their life anew.  
 It heals the broken-heart and makes  
 Its sorrow bid adieu.  
 It hath great power to shape the end  
 Of men, and nations too.  
 Its scepter is of purest love.  
 Its motto is "be true."  
 Yet oft like Judas' kiss it's used  
 To gain one's selfish part,  
 With sweetest nectar on the lips  
 But a dagger in the heart.—*Georgetown*  
*College Magazine.*

## SURROUNDING INFLUENCES.

IDA A. THOMAS.

LET me gather to the true and noble  
 of heart; those who are willing and  
 ready to sacrifice life itself, for the pure  
 and holy principles of Christianity. It is  
 my sincere desire to ever feel the beautiful  
 influences of such, that they may  
 strengthen me in my struggles. I feel  
 without these pure influences around me,  
 my own efforts are but feeble.

It is the true aim of my life to live  
 and learn to do well, so as to be a help

to any that I could help in my feeble  
 way.

I have enjoyed a privilege among Believers over three years, and in that time I feel that I have gained many and lasting friends. Of my dear Elders I cannot speak too well; tongue cannot express the love and gratitude I feel for their untiring patience in my behalf. Do you wish to keep near God? then be true with your faith.

Do you wish to keep from a worldly influence? then shun every thing that would tend to it.

This I will strive to do, to shun every thing that would carry my thoughts from my gospel home out to the bewildering and dazzling influences of the world.

I know I have a strong and worldly nature which needs subjection and restraint; this is chiefly my object in living here, to learn to govern and subject my spirit, that I may receive to my soul's understanding.

Many complain of the cross, thinking oft-times this thing or that is unnecessary; to such I would say, why do you live in such a way? what is your motive? Not half, but the whole must be given; a full and complete sacrifice is required, and now is the appointed time.

I am thankful that I have been blest with faith, and also that I have had strength to be guided by it, and I pray that I may receive more and more daily, a substance for my soul to feed on, that I may grow firm and strong, and be a valiant servant in the great cause of redemption.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

Self forgetfulness bridges the turgid stream  
 of discontent, and unbars the gates of Paradise.  
 M. J. A.



## FUTURE PROBATION.

CHAUNCEY DIBBLE.

OBSERVING in the NEW YORK WITNESS of December 23rd., a notice on Probation I will express a few thoughts thereon. It seems the only theory that explains consistently the dealings of Providence with man. God as Father and Mother of all souls, is the fountain of intelligence and has imparted a portion of this attribute to mortals. Also He has bestowed the gift of free agency as a lasting inheritance to man, so far as the use of his faculties extend, either for good or ill, virtue or vice. Yet he must reap the fruits of his doings. The law of compensation he cannot escape in the final test, yet who but an all-wise judge can measure truth and mercy? Character, not reputation, is based upon the same immutable law of merit in spirit life, as here. The same all-wise Parent of love administers justice and mercy to his children through his divine agencies.

Yesterday, to-day and forever the same rewards of virtue and punishments of vice is the law throughout the realm of intelligences. Those who have died without the knowledge of Christ's gospel, as nearly all mankind have, may come to a knowledge of its saving power in spirit life and be redeemed from their natural depravity by compliance with its principles.

I am not an advocate for Purgatory, neither do I suppose the spirit world is a void space with one place of endless torment and another of ineffable bliss, for this idea if carried out, would destroy heaven anywhere. God's character and government has been falsely represented by Jewish tradition. No

such warlike nature is attributed to Him by Jesus. Throughout his Sermon on the Mount the spirit of mercy predominates towards the penitent. Not a sparrow forgotten. Not a thief on the cross condemned. He exhorted to forgive men their trespasses. Judge not lest ye be judged. Let him that is perfect cast the first stone. Christ after his resurrection went and preached to the spirits on whom the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah. 1st Peter, iii., 20, also iv., 6. Future probation was commonly taught in early ages of Christianity; but those parts of Scripture which advocate it were carefully rejected by church authorized compilers of Scripture.

The spirit life is not dark and mysterious. In God is no shadow of turning, and through his instrumentalities He will gather the prodigals home until the last of the flock be restored.

Watervliet, N. Y.

*"Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, but to others in parables; that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand." Luke viii., 10.*

CHARLES JULIUS PRETER.

MOST all sects and denominations in the world are looking for and expecting the kingdom of God, the New Jerusalem on earth in a future tense, therefore they are greatly surprised when they are told that it has already come, and all true Believers are its inmates. Whenever God had a divine manifestation on earth, it came always contrary to the common expectations of men, and why not at the present time of Christ's second appearing in the female, the Bride?

Rev. xii., 17. To get a right knowledge of this all important subject, we must first get a right understanding of God. It is plain and evident, the Deity is not a Trinity but a Duality. Rom. i., 20. "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world, are clearly seen by the things that are made even his eternal Power and Godhead." Jesus was not God, but a created being. His soul did emanate and came forth from God, the same way that all other souls did. Acts xvii., 28. "We are also his offspring." Eccl. xii., 7. "Then shall the dust (body) return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." St. Paul wrote 1st. Cor. i., 23, "We preach Christ, the Power of God and the Wisdom of God." Jesus received this Christ spirit or anointing, when he was thirty years old, at the time of his baptism in the river Jordan. John i., 12. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." 1st. John iii., 2. "Beloved, now we are the sons of God." Obadiah, 21. "Saviors shall come up on mount Zion, to judge the mount of Esau." By this it is plainly seen, that God has many sons and daughters, as well as a number of saviors beside Jesus, who was the first begotten from the dead, our first brother, for all before him were in a spiritual sense dead. "Death reigned from Adam to Christ," who came to restore to life all who were "dead in trespasses and sins." Gen. v., 1, 2. God created man in his own image, male and female, not three, but two persons. This anti-christian doctrine of a Trinity was first concocted and introduced into the church at the council of Nice in Bithynia, in the year 325, by corrupt priests

and bishops, after much disputation and violent opposition. Learned men in Rome, who have carefully examined the ancient paintings and monuments in the catacombs, where the earliest records of Christianity were found, have ascertained without a shadow of doubt, that the Deity was always represented as Father and Mother, and not as a Trinity, during the first three hundred years. Even among the ancient Egyptians the duality of the Deity was acknowledged. Isis and Osiris, Father and Mother, and Horus the offspring. Also among the Hindoos there was Brahma and Vishnu, Father and Mother, and Siva, offspring, which was in the course of time finally worshiped the same as the person of Jesus was. (It must be remarked here that it was the Christ spirit, the anointing, or power and wisdom of God, which was the proper object of worship, but not the man Jesus.) In all ancient accounts of their Vedas among the Hindoos, there is nothing which proves the doctrine of a Trinity. In all the heathen mythology could not be found such a monstrous doctrine as a three male God, he the Father, he the Son, and he the Holy Ghost. It was through the subtleness of Satan, to subvert the true work of God, by ignoring all agencies of woman, or a female spirit in the existence of Deity, as well as the redemption of man. 1st. Cor. xi., 7. "The woman is the glory of the man." Therefore it is plain and evident, if Christ promised to come again in his glory, he has to come in a woman. This we declare to all mankind has found place in the person of Ann Lee. Her name is mentioned in the sacred Scriptures the same as the name of Jesus. Zech. iv., 7. "Who art thou, O

great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain, and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof, which shall be called Ann, Ann Lee." (Those last three words are falsely translated "grace grace to it.") Our gospel brother, Wm. Bussell, found this out some time ago, and it is fully endorsed by Prof. Bush, teacher of Hebrew in the university of New York. Zech. iv., 14. "These are the two anointed ones that stand by the Lord of the whole earth." 2nd. Esdras vii., 26. "Behold the time shall come, that these tokens which I have told thee shall come to pass, and the Bride shall appear, and she coming forth shall be seen, that now is withdrawn from the earth." Now we leave it to all intelligent men and women to judge, if "Adam was a figure of him to come," should it seem to be incredible in this 19th. century and enlightened age, if "Eve was a figure of her to come?" Rom. v., 14. Micah iv., 8. "And thou O tower of the flock, the strong hold of the daughter of Zion, unto thee shall it come, even the first dominion; the kingdom shall come to the daughter of Jerusalem." Exod. xxv., 18. "Two cherubims (a male and female angel, according to ancient traditions) were placed over the ark and mercy seat. We find in verse 22, "And I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims." Dan. xii., 5. "Then I Daniel looked, and behold there stood other two, the one on this side of the river, and the other on that side of the bank of the river." Showing the waters of life to flow forth from between them. John vii., 38. He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Rev. xii., 12.

"On either side of the river was there the tree of life." Prov. xi., 30, and xv., 4. "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life." "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life." It is also very remarkable, when we reflect that, according to Josephus, on one side of the double door of the temple was written Father, and on the other side, Mother. The two pillars which stood before the entrance of the temple, are also plainly pointing out to the two anointed ones, Jesus and Ann Lee, and their successors in the work of God. One was called Jachin, which denotes "he that established," referring to Christ's first appearing, and the other was called Boaz, which denotes "in strength," referring to Christ's second appearing. For we read that the glory of the second temple shall be greater than the first. Urim and Thummim written on the breastplate of the high priest, was also in a remarkable manner referring to the two gospel dispensations. Urim denotes light, alluding to Christ's first appearing, and Thummim denotes perfection, alluding to Christ's second appearing. In Christ's first appearing they saw as through a glass darkly, but in his second appearing, "when that which is perfect has come, they shall see eye to eye, and face to face, when the comforter, the spirit of truth, shall lead us into all truth." Jesus had figuratively to lay the corner stone of the spiritual temple. He revealed the eternal Father. In his time souls were only begotten of God, they were merely a true pattern of the kingdom of God on earth, which Jesus taught them to pray for; "Thy kingdom come." But Mother Ann revealed the eternal Mother; her work was to lay the cap or

headstone on this sacred temple. And as in the course of nature no children could be born without the mother, so no souls could ever be spiritually born, without the co-operation of spiritual parents. We invite all who are willing to live righteously, godly and soberly, to confess and forsake their sins, and live a pure, holy and chaste life to come. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. Let him that heareth say, Come. Let him that is athirst Come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of Life freely." Rev. xxii., 17.

*Union Village, O.*

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[Contributed by F. W. Evans.]

### TRUTH.

RICHARD BUSHNELL.

THE truth must be understandingly and willingly received, sincerely believed and cordially obeyed or man cannot be spiritually regenerated, nor can the spirit of God's moral attributes be begotten in the soul. For God, in infinite wisdom, goodness and power, has so constituted things that it is impossible for this result to be effected by any other means or in any other way. Consequently, the notion that the spirit of God can, as it were, like the electric or magnetic fluid, enter into man and by its own absolute power effect his spiritual regeneration, at any moment, without the instrumentality of truth, without the exercise of man's moral agency in heartily believing, loving and obeying the truth, is a dark delusive, anti-christian and superstitious doctrine.

Truth is the foundation of virtue; an habitual regard for it is necessary. He who walks by the light of it has the advantage of the noonday sun. He who

would spurn it, goes forth amid clouds and darkness. There is no way in which a man strengthens his own judgment, and acquires respect in society so surely as by a scrupulous regard for the truth. The course of such an individual is right on, straight on. He is no changeling, saying one thing to-day and another to-morrow. Truth to him, is like a mountain land-mark to the pilot, he fixes his eyes upon a point that does not move, and he enters the harbor in safety. On the contrary, one who despises it and loves falsehood is like a pilot who takes a piece of driftwood for his land-mark, which changes with every changing wave, on this he fixes his attention, and being insensibly led from his course, strikes upon some hidden reef, and sinks to rise no more.

Truth brings success in our gospel travail, and yields peace to the soul; falsehood results in ruin, misery and contempt. Therefore, truth is to be adored and obeyed, in all things.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

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### FAITH AND WORKS.

J. F. BUTLER.

FAITH is not a confidence of our own making, but it is God that works it in a contrite and repenting heart. This faith as Luther in his preface to the epistle to the Romans observes, purifies the heart, destroys the old Adam, overcomes the world, engenders us anew, and changes us in heart, mind, and all the powers and faculties of the soul. If we but think and say I believe, such faith profits us nothing, for faith without works is dead. All true believers have received it under a sense of holy contrition and godly sorrow for sin, and by this we must test

our faith, if we feel something of this and apply to Christ by prayer for faith and grace, we have a sure mark for faith already; for if we do not believe, we would not pray. But true repentance goes before faith, by which the heart is not only convinced of sin, and filled with godly sorrow, but changed, so as to hate and abandon all sin; it is not enough to cleave off some of our sins, or be outwardly reformed, but it must be an inward and thorough change of the whole mind; for if one sin be reigning, we cannot be said to have repented, and received that faith and power of God which overcomes the world and sin, therefore repent and believe the gospel, Mark i., 15. Even so faith, if it hath not works is dead, being alone. James ii., 17.

The faith that does not produce works of charity and mercy, is without the living principle which animates all true faith, that is, love to God love to man, verse 18th. Show me thy faith without thy works, (that is) pretending to have faith, while we have no works of charity or mercy, is utterly vain; for as faith, which is a principle in the mind, cannot be discerned but by the effects, that is good works; he, who has no good works, has no faith. I will show thee my faith by my works of charity and mercy; will show that I have faith, and that it is the living tree, whose root is love to God and man; and whose fruit is the good works here contended for. God acknowledges no faith as the operation of his spirit, that is not active or obedient: but the principle of all obedience to God, and beneficence to man is love. Love to God produces obedience to his will; love to man, worketh no ill; but on the contrary, every act of kind-

ness. This humble, holy, operative, obedient love, is the grand touch-stone of all human creeds, and confessions of faith. Faith without this, has neither soul nor operation; but faith which worketh by love is potent to save.

*Alfred, Me.*

#### FAITH.

WITH constant faith surpassing doubt  
I stand and watch the tide go out—  
That 'twill come back I say to you  
I do not know, and yet I do.

At eventide I see the day  
Put night on guard and go away  
Will morning come the mists to woo?  
I do not know, and yet I do.

I see the sere that autumns bring.  
Will verdure come with waking spring?  
My faith alone can answer true—  
I do not know, and yet I do.

We see our loved ones droop and die.  
Hath Heaven a brighter life on high—  
Is death the vale that leads thereto?  
I do not know, and yet I do.—*Chicago News.*

#### PRAYER IN MAY.

ARABELLA SHEPARD.

I WANDER forth and pensive stray,  
This pleasant morn of lovely May,  
And O may Angels deign to meet  
To pour out inspiration sweet.  
Away from every earthly care,  
I bend my soul in fervent prayer,  
And wilt thou answer when I pray  
And chase all gloomy clouds away?  
Here I can feel the sighing breeze,  
That whispers softly through the trees,  
And I can feel a holy calm  
That's like a sweet and heavenly balm.  
Help me to trust my all with Thee,  
From every sinful thing be free;  
And when life's journey hath'an end,  
My Father, Mother be my Friend.

*North Union, Ohio.*

## WAR.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

WAR is man's masterpiece in crime,  
The scourge of every age and clime;  
It sweeps the fertile fields of grain,  
Destroys the city, wastes the plain,  
With battle storm and sulphur rain,  
While broken drums and battered shields  
Are trophies of its battle-fields

Alike in every land.

War's ministers of lust and hate  
Subvert the law, o'erthrow the state,  
Annihilate the church and school,  
Bring anarchy, with iron rule;  
Murder their code, Mammon their tool;  
Pushing their carnival of gore,  
Sweeping the wide world o'er and o'er

With fiery glare and brand.

Down the dark cycles of the world  
War's shaft of rage and malice hurled;  
On land and sea, in sanguine strife,  
With fire and sword, with spear and knife,  
Preying on human peace and life.  
Its fields with dead and dying strewn,  
Soldier and steed together thrown

In one dark charnel grave.

Its hireling panders, trained in fight,  
Cast on the world war's vicious blight;  
By its dread mandate, madly given,  
The patriot from his home is driven  
And all the ties of kindred riven;  
The orphans' sighs for loved sires slain,  
The widow's tears, that fall like rain,

Fail to restore the brave.

Its mail-clad hosts have left their scar  
In every land e'er cursed with war.  
Gaunt famine brooded o'er the land:  
Rank plague, with the destroyer's wand,  
And pestilence went hand in hand;  
Stern desolation swept the track [black  
Where war's wild clouds rolled fierce and

Above the battle's din.

It is from chariots rolled in blood,  
Have crushed the gentle, pure and good;  
Industry vanished, morals died,  
Sweet charity was crucified,  
And all the streams of mercy dried,  
While headless trunk and sightless eyes  
Attest the glory of the prize,

War's minions ever win.

—Chicago, *Inter-Ocean*.

## STRIFE.

LEOPOLD HOHMANN.

STRIFE has been the rule of ages.  
Found in all historic pages.  
Wounds are made, the pain assuages  
Grief and bliss commingled rages.

The right and wrong do oft collide  
And men for both have often died.

Defined, the strife on either side  
Is always easy to decide.

But where both are mixed, confusing  
Neither gaining ground, but losing  
All that's good is not amusing,  
But to death of both conducting  
You give the world be-dazzled Youth  
"An eye for eye a tooth for tooth"  
Where actions gives them thoughts uncouth  
They think they know it all forsooth.

Aged seniors truth preserving  
From which there should be no swerving  
Empty forms and rites conserving  
Only harm the undeserving.

They each in each their place should take  
And from their lethargy awake  
To close the strife, firm friends to make,  
A good to build, an evil shake.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

[A STATEMENT having reference to the use of Alcoholic drink, made by Eliab Harlow and Garret K. Lawrence of New Lebanon, Sept. 15, 1828. These physicians were good advocates for the temperance cause, even at this early date. Ed.]

"WE use alcohol in tinctures and syrups when we think it necessary and in no other case whatever, unless the stimulus of ardent spirits is indispensable. We find that medicine without spirits is far more efficacious, than when given in combination with it, in the majority of stomach complaints. In cases where alkalies, such as Soda or Salts of Tartar are indicated, we add these to syrups which preserves them from souring without the addition of spirits. No definite rule can be given, but it is our firm purpose never to make a free use of alcohol under the cloak of medicines."



## THOUGHT.

THERE are blanket sheets with millions of money behind them, and with but a commercial value that all told do not give so much thought that is good and valuable as is contained in this gem from the sparkling, living, glowing pages of Helen William's little paper, *THE WOMAN'S WORLD*, published in Chicago for three cents a copy and \$1.00 a year, and the type of which is set by her daughter's hands.

"And the world's thinkers, what of them? Soul captains; men who lead battalions of souls in opposition to the hosts of ignorance, and conquer; obliterating their very memory from the face of the world; are these not the valiant heroes of earth, whose conquests shall endure when the conquests of those other captains who have led bodies only shall have passed as a dream? I say yes I say that the things which we see not are mightier than the things which are seen. I say that thought is the one universal conqueror whose mission is constructive, not destructive, and to whose care is committed every work that will endure. It is because there are a thousand non-thinkers to where there is one thinker that the great bulk of the race lies in chains of the basest servitude. A servitude that no extraneous force—neither of organization nor of dynamite, can break; nothing but the lifting and the lightening power of thought can reach it. Millions of thoughts from millions of thinkers; thought individualized; each thought the seed germ of a life, generating more life—this is the lever by which humanity can be raised. —*Selected.*

THE spirit of truth dwelleth in meekness.

## PRACTICAL RELIGION.

A GOOD lady employed a deacon of one of our Baptist churches to do some carpenter's work which amounted to quite a large sum of money; and she said, when speaking of the job, "I would just as soon hear Deacon—pray now as I would have before he did that piece of work for me." That's it! We want deacons and all other members of the churches to do in all business relations just that which is right. We believe in a practical religion. Spurgeon asked a young girl, who served as a domestic in one of his families, when she presented herself for membership in his church, what evidence she could give of having become a Christian, and she meekly answered, "I now sweep under the mats." And the renowned preacher said it was good evidence, and we agree with him. Real religion leads one to do work thoroughly.—*The Presbyterian.*

## JUVENILE THEOLOGY.

THE *Christian Union* relates an anecdote the moral of which it thinks is sufficiently plain. A little girl belonging to a Presbyterian Sunday school came home from church one day quite indignant because her teacher had said that Jesus was a Jew. "He wasn't, was he, mother!" she exclaimed. "Why, yes, my dear, I suppose he was," the mother replied. "But I thought he was the son of God." "So he was, my dear." "Well, I don't see, then," said the little sectarian, "how he could be a Jew, for God is a Presbyterian."—*Selected.*

BE not a spider to select  
The poison, and the good neglect,  
But like a bee collect the sweet  
From every little flower you meet.—A. J. C.

TRUTH never fears rigid examination.

## THE MANIFESTO. MAY, 1887.

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### NOTES.

#### NON-ESSENTIALS or ESSENTIALS.

It is not an uncommon thing to have our attention called to the non-essentials in religion. The idea is conveyed to the mind, that in this enlightened age, very little is needed to remind one of his duty to God, and on this account the rites and ceremonies of the church or churches are only so much of superstition or form as has been preserved to us from the religions of an earlier date.

Much of this may be quite true, and possibly we may be holding on to some things which have no vitality as a saving grace. We review the past and readily observe in ignorant and semi-savage races, that many of the ceremonies of religion were phases of atonement, and brought forward as a propitiation for that which they held to be sins against God. Jesus understood this so well that he did not hesitate to inform his disciples that the time would come when intense cruelty would be inflicted upon a man, by those who through igno-

rance believed their religion demanded it.

Men shall kill you, said Jesus, and think they are doing God's service. With this outburst of their own savage natures, agreeing so well with their dominant ideas of might as right, they enter upon the sanguinary action under solemn vows, with the cause of churchal religion welling up in the heart.

It may be quite true that in the religious world, might becomes right much oftener than the spirit of righteousness becomes right. From the earliest ages we have the record that one part of the race has been enslaved by the other. Sometimes these captives have been held in loathsome dungeons, manacled with heavy iron chains, and beaten and abused even unto death, while at the same time the inhuman masters would be offering up prayers to God or singing psalms of praise.

Wars of devastation have been engaged in and immediately religion is appealed to for aid and for victory. In connection with all this, churchal ceremonies are instituted and the faithful give thanks that they are not as other men. In the midst of schisms and wars the church has moved along from age to age, and even now in these times of plenteousness and peace, is more or less trammelled with those obstacles that have been handed down through superstition and fear.

It is not strange that many of these observances are looked upon by thinking minds as among the non-essentials of a religious life, and can have no intrinsic value in the establishment of righteousness in the heart. Neither is it strange that the prophet should introduce his religious exercise with this peculiar remark. "I am a man of unclean lips,

and I dwell amidst a people of unclean lips."

It might seem quite difficult to reconcile the statement, that a religious body could be one of unclean lips, or of an impure language. Perhaps they had grown to claim that inheritance as a sacred right, not to be disputed, and had the credit of much, seemingly, religious talk, of drawing near to God with their self-righteous speeches, even to the honoring of his name, but at the same time it was a ceremony of the lips, as their hearts were far from Him. All that they did as solemn reverence was what they had learned from the traditions of men.

This fitting rebuke may not be out of place among the thousands of pious church going people of to-day. Observe, said Jesus, what the Scribes and Pharisees bid you, but do not after their works, for they say and do not. If men teach for honor, or for gold and silver, these emoluments become the essential feature in their lives. They soon learn the theological path in which they must walk, and that creedal forms and ceremonies take the precedence of an unspotted life, or a practical self-denial. By whatever name a Christian body may be designated, if they become the children of God, they must be led and governed by the spirit of God. The Prince of Peace must be the director and everything be ruled by this system of discipline. Holy wars and religious persecutions belong to a barbarous and dominant age, where force ruled, and are destitute of the first elements of Christianity.

It has been learned that a merciful man exercises mercy even toward a beast, and certainly it is far more essen-

tial that he should show mercy to his fellow men. The one special feature of the religion of Jesus teaches us that it entered into the very life of his chosen followers and made of them, new creatures. Instead of becoming selfish, and designing and bending everything to his own will, he is now to study the lessons of a peacemaker and through the manifestation of love for all souls learn to become a child of God. He then receives the wisdom that comes from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without variance, without hypocrisy.

This testimony of the Son of God and of his disciples stands first as an essential qualification to form a foundation upon which to build a Christian character, that will reflect honor upon the name of Christ.

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[ Contributed by Harriet Shepard.]

### A PLEA FOR TEMPERANCE.

THE chief event which distinguished the Kansas Governor St. John's administration was the passage of the Constitutional Amendment in 1880. As to the beneficial results of that change there is indisputable evidence. An official return of the State prisons for the first nine months of the following year shows that one hundred and fourteen prisoners were sent to the penitentiary, while two hundred and twenty-six, or nearly double the number, were incarcerated during the corresponding period of 1880. Gloomy predictions.

During the campaign there were not wanting politicians who urged that prohibition would impoverish the State, and would also prevent immigrants settling

there, and especially that German immigrants would never be persuaded to make their homes in a State where lager could not be procured. Governor St. John, (The Hon. John P. St. John, the Prohibition candidate for the Presidency,) in an often quoted speech, thus criticised those predictions in the light of events which have followed the prohibition law. "Let us see if we are losing business: Take the Santa Fe road for instance, which earned in June, 1881, \$438,998 more than it did in June, 1880. Business is increasing everywhere; our State never was so prosperous; let us see whether we are losing in dollars and cents or not. I find that in the year 1876 we commenced the biennial system of assessing real property. In 1877 there was no valuation on real property, and consequently the increase was on personal property alone; it amounted to \$364,821,352; in 1879 the increase on personal property was \$623,146,871, and in 1881 the increase on personal property reached \$1,024,361,159. Can't we stand that kind of ruination?

#### WHERE WE LOSE.

"The population of the penitentiary, December 30, 1880, was 725. July 1, 1881, it was only 659; thus it will be seen that in one spot, and one only, are we losing population, and I think we can stand it. We were told that we should get no German immigration. I went down the Santa Fe road not long since, and had to ride on the rear platform of the sleeper on a camp-stool, because there was no room in the inside of the train, and when I finally got in the front car I found it full of Germans. I supposed, of course, that they were going to New Mexico or Colorado, where they could get whiskey and beer, but

discovered that they were really going to Kansas.

"A gentleman said to a man, who seemed to be acting as interpreter for them, 'Where are these people going?' and was informed, 'To Kansas;' 'Why,' said he, 'they can get no beer there.' The interpreter repeated the assertion to one who seemed to be a leader, then turned to the gentleman who addressed him, and said, 'They say they are not going to Kansas for beer; that they go to secure a home for themselves and families; that a home gives more true happiness than all the beer manufactured.' I said to myself, they are on the right platform. They are coming to Kansas for a legitimate purpose, and we welcome them with all our hearts. We are having a better class of immigration this year than ever before."

Governor St. John is an effective orator, enviably successful in the principal test of a public speaker—viz., securing and holding the attention of his audience. He speaks slowly, correctly, and distinctly, showing no hesitancy and using no rhetorical device. There is, therefore, everything in his manner to add to the impressiveness of his subject and of his felicitous style of treating it. He knows the value of illustration to add to the weight of argument, but while his memory is stocked with apt anecdotes, he never tells one for its own sake, or to help him out of a failure in his speech. When delivering an address in the Cooper Union, New York, he related the following incident, which had occurred in connection with his own official duties, and it produced a sensation in the crowded assembly. A heart-broken woman came into my office with a babe in her

arms to beg the pardon of her husband, who was under sentence of ten years imprisonment in the penitentiary for homicide. She showed papers recommending the pardon from the judge who tried the man, the prosecuting attorney, and other prominent men. After closely examining the papers, I said, 'If I were to consult my personal feelings, I should gladly let your husband go; but I am bound by my official duty and that forbids it.'

"The woman fell at my feet in a paroxysm of weeping. 'Then hear me' she cried, till I tell you how he came to be where he is. We were married seven years ago; we went to a town (mentioning the place,) and there in our little village we were happy. My husband was sober, industrious, and thrifty. By great exertion and self-denial we finally got our home paid for. But in an evil day the State licensed a saloon, and let it plant itself right between my husband's shop and our house. He was prospering so well that he could leave his business in other hands and lose an hour or two without feeling it. He was solicited to enter this saloon, and weakly yielded. Hour after hour he spent there, playing cards. One day he became embroiled in a drunken quarrel, and, fired by drink, struck a man and killed him. He was tried and sent to the penitentiary for ten years, and I had nothing to live on. Bye and bye the sheriff turned us out of our comfortable home into a rough shanty, neither lathed nor plastered. The cold wind came in through the walls and ceiling. My oldest boy took sick and died. Then little Tommy, my next fell sick and died. Now this babe in my arms is sick, and I have nowhere to take it. The State

licensed that saloon; the State murdered my children; and now in God's name I want you to set my husband free.' I said I would—and I did."

Innumerable instances are related of men who have been induced by Governor St. John's appeals, in public and in private, to quit drunken habits and lead sober lives. Fully occupied as he necessarily is with official duties, an opportunity to talk to a poor drunkard is one he has never been known to neglect, and there are few Sundays on which he is not preaching gospel temperance in some city or village in his State. Somewhat above middle height, St. John is a fine specimen of physical manhood; robust, active, energetic, decisive in all his movements, he gives those with whom he comes in contact the impression of being vigorous in work, prompt in action, and unswerving in purpose; yet with all his manly qualities, those who have seen him listening to a tale of distress or urging a dissipated man to forsake his evil ways, carry away a deeper impression of his delicacy, sympathetic kindness, and sensibility, for which other aspects of his character had not prepared them. It is not surprising that such a character should have aroused the unbounded enthusiasm of those citizens of Kansas whose views are in harmony with his own, or that he should have won a regard more devoted than is usually given to a mere politician.

How fervent that affection is, is manifested when the name of St. John is mentioned to a citizen of the State, one of whom, in a letter we received during his Governorship, naively said, "We almost worship our Governor. Is it a sin?"—*An abstract from The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times.*

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

MY DEAR LITTLE S.—Your very pretty letter is before me. I can rejoice with you that you have experienced that soul cleansing work of a Believer and that your twelfth birthday was the day you sought the holy baptism of the fire of truth which will consume sin, rather than the pleasures of an earthly character. How much more real and substantial are the things of the spirit, than are earthly riches which are but shadows, they perish with the using.

If you hold on to the good you have received in the effort to consecrate your little self to a life of the Virgin Order, you will grow in all those lovely virtues which you can see in those who are older, and spend many happy years in living a good life. You will be able to pluck up the wild weeds of nature which grow without cultivation and in their stead grow the rare plants of beauty which need so much care, viz., purity, peace, humility, love and all the gospel graces which adorn the true followers of Christ and Mother Ann.

As you grow older you will often need the same holy power which you felt on that memorable day, and if you are faithful and obedient, you will be able to call to your assistance help from the same heavenly source. As you have felt happy in taking up this cross, the like experience will be felt in future days.

Every building must have a foundation to stand upon, some are solid and firm, some very poor and unsubstantial, so with souls in the gospel work, those who dig deep and uproot all the wrongs and evils of their hearts, will lay their foundation on the rock of truth, they will be firm. Such we expect our dear

little S. to be and on that twelfth birthday we hope you laid the corner stone for a true and noble structure, a good life.

Our prayers and blessing shall be for our good child.

Please give our kind and best love to your dear teacher and all your little companions.

Lovingly and truly,  
Harriet Bullard.

REMINISCENSES OF MY SHAKER CHILDHOOD.

### SPRING.

AFTER the long dreary winter we were generally prepared to give the Spring a hearty welcome and eagerly we began to look for the first blades of grass or the pussy willows which came out by the ponds where we were sure to find the first. Then would follow the tender leaves and the lovely Spring flowers. for never have I since seen such beds of violets as those that used to spring up at Canterbury. Before these came, however, farmers had begun to gather the sap from the sugar maples, and make the never-to-be-forgotten maple sugar. How we looked forward to those days spent in the Sugar Camp. Indeed, they almost seemed to me like visits to fairy land, such entire freedom from unnecessary restraint as we thought, while the marvelous gymnastics we there performed would hardly be credited to us when seen on duty elsewhere. We sometimes fancied ourselves the wild Indians about which we had read, and sometimes would almost attempt to fly through the fields rather than run, or perch in the dark spruce trees to collect the succulent gum which exuded therefrom and meantime relate stories that were quite amazing to our listening playmates. It was there, also, when seated on hard board benches we ate the best lunches off roughest tables, or quietly seated upon the ground would pluck the winter-green berries too busy to be noisy even. All these incidents formed part and parcel of the delightful day.



As the time for returning home drew near we would hover around the open fire-place and sing those lovely songs which can never be forgotten. Ah! Such delightful hours as those were, too rare not to be appreciated and remembered by the participants and when at last we reached home one would hardly recognize in this subdued band the noisy children who left it in early morning. Soon to rest we went to live over the day in dreams if not too weary.

Anon we began to have out of doors work to do, for when the grass began to start, the door-yard must be made tidy so that it should cover all the ground. After helping to carry in the wood we would pick up the chips and rake up the remaining debris. The fresh glad sunshine the soft winds and the happy twitter of the birds could not fail to make us healthy, happy and hearty, and so we were still busy and bright in spite of the winter's confinement which was useful discipline and the best kind of training for us.

Then the flowers came in abundance and fragrant beauty and soon after the early fruit. I remember one year I had a small bed of flowers all by myself which in those days was an uncommon privilege; perhaps these good friends saw that I needed the fresh outside air, and so took this way to give it to me, so I was allowed to assist the sisters in the Garden house and we spent many long days among the flowers, plants, etc. I was as happy and busy as the bees which seemed to think the flowers were made for them alone and often gave us a sharp reminder of their opinion.

What a garden that was, with Elder Eli's orchard on one side and the Garden house on the other while between the branches of the trees you could see the Sisters' Shop and the old kitchen house now gone to decay. I have had many a happy day-dream there, breathing in the perfume of the flowers and listening to the drowsy hum of the toiling bees or the patient voice of the sisters who gave me useful talks on Botany and also a desire to acquire more of the knowledge which these delightful surroundings began to teach me.

Healthy labor promotes rest and here we could enjoy both. As the weather began to get warmer the summer term of school ap-

proached, and how anxiously I used to search through my memory for the remains of last year's harvest and set them in order, for immediate use. These first days were always very trying to me for I wished so ardently to excel in this part of my education if possible, for I loved the occupation itself and beside I earnestly desired to please my dearly loved teacher.

Now I find myself back to the point from which I began the reminiscences. Should they seem imperfect to some of you who read them, remember that it is a quarter of a century since these events occurred during which time owing to a change of residence and circumstances beyond my control, I have been completely severed from these scenes, and the dear friends of my youth.

For those who have known and cared for me in my wayward, careless childhood, I have written these papers to prove my grateful recognition of their untiring devotion.

"Should old acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind?—  
Should old acquaintance be forgot  
In the days of Auld Lang syne?"

Ansa P. Carll.

Providence R. I.

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[TAKEN FROM THE CINCINNATI POST.]  
CHRISTIAN COMMUNISM. NO. 2.

• *A Shaker Interior strikingly pictured. Everything moves with the cheerful punctuality of an Old Fashioned Clock.*

It was just before noon of a blustering day last week that our sociable little train on the Cincinnati, Lebanon and Northern narrow gauge ambled into Lebanon and we scattered. I sought the comfortable fire of the hotel and the additional comfort of a hot dinner, both unusually comforting to me that day, because in my rush to catch the train in Cincinnati I had neglected to change my frock coat for my "reefer."

"How far to the Shakers?"

"Four miles. The 'bus leaves here about 2.30. That will take you over. It goes right by there."

"No. I'll walk."

From Lebanon it is up hill to the ridge on which "Union Village," as the Shaker settlement is called, is located. The first mile was a pretty cold walk in the face of a raw wind, and I did not by any means despise the philosophy of a youngster by the roadside who had dropped down almost out of sight in a post hole his red-faced, overcoated and mittened father had just dug. But a mile's sharp walking and a run or two up hill turned a good blast into my internal furnace and made me "warm as toast," and "red as a boiled lobster."

#### WINTER SCENERY.

The road passes through some beautiful woods of those deciduous species and varieties for which the Ohio valley is famous. All were bare save the birches, whose skirts were still brown with persistent foliage, though their ambitious tops were bare. They stood like Amazons bared to the waist to contend with old Boreas. I noticed a good deal of "down timber" in the woods, going to waste, there being little demand for it in these days of cheap coal.

A couple of miles out from Lebanon I met a Shaker brother and two sisters clad in their plain woolen clothes and riding contentedly to town in a carry-all behind an unambitious horse. Two miles further on I turned off onto the Franklin pike, and in a quarter of a mile had passed the big, four-story, substantial building and barns, sheds and shops of one of the Shaker "families," and had come to another fine building on the opposite side of the road, which building is called "The Office." This is a large three-story frame, built 70 years ago, of oak and black walnut, and still as stanch and strong as when first erected. It is painted an unobtrusive slate color.

Across from it is the big, plain, two-story white frame church, its lower windows closed by broad shutters. Its gable ends look up and down the pike, which makes one of its sides front the pike. In the side, thus made a front are two doors. "The Ministry" of two Elders and two Eldresses live in a building back of the church. Steepleless and shuttered, I took the church for a very neat and commodious storehouse.

Beyond "the office" is the very fine

pressed-brick, slate-roofed new building of the "Church Family," built, says a block inset near the roof, in 1844. To me, coming from the sooty houses and buildings of Cincinnati, it looked as if it had been built a year or two. Across the street are the "old building" of the "Church family," the steam laundry, the corn-drying house, the blacksmith shop, the infirmary, and several other buildings.

Entering the front hall of "the office" through the wide and very heavy black walnut front door, whose rubber weatherstrip drew a long and noisy breath as it swe-e-e-pt along the polished hard-wood floor, I found no one there. The hall was wide, clean as the floor of the sky, and in the middle distance stood a tall wooden pump. An old-fashioned Connecticut wooden clock ticked slowly and sedately against the wall. Strips of ingrain carpet laid neatly on the polished floor invited me onward, and I was advancing down the hall when I met a Shaker sister, who told me that "Elder Charles" was "in there," pointing to a room she had just left, leaving the door open.

Entering I was cordially received by a white-haired, pleasant-faced old man who was rocking in an old-fashioned straight-back rocking chair comfortably cushioned. I took its mate and there we chatted for a few minutes while another Shaker sister in glistening, satiny brown dress and cape busied herself tidying up the room, and wiping dust from the mantel and chest of drawers.

In a few minutes "Elder Charles" (known to the world as Charles C. Clapp) and I adjourned to the postoffice "not to disturb the sister with our conversation." The post-office is a room in the same building and serves the mailing needs of all the families and of some neighbors outside. Elder Charles is nearly eighty, but has the spry step of young manhood. He was a merchant and a Presbyterian way back when this century was in the thirties, and went off in the great Millerite excitement. Upon the collapse of that movement he joined the Shakers and has been with them ever since. He is a sort of spiritual and theological authority in the "family."

From him I learned that there are about 18 societies of Shakers in the United States, located in New York, Mass., Conn., Ohio, Ky., N. H., and Me. These contain over fifty families and about 2000 members.

#### SHAKER GOVERNMENT.

Here at Union Village resides a "ministry" composed of Matthew B. Carter, Oliver C. Hampton, Louisa Farnham and Adeline Wells. These have oversight not only of the Union Village Society, but also one near Harrison, Hamilton county, O., one near Dayton, another near Cleveland and two in the "Bluegrass region" of Kentucky.

Each family is governed by Elders and Eldresses. Those of the first or Church family are Charles C. Clapp, Leopold Goepfer, Ellen Ross and Julia O'Connell. Those of the North family are Isaac Beals, Amos Babbitt, Matilda Butler, and Sarah Cochran. Those of the West family are Ruth Sieben-thal and Wm. Dynes.

In addition to the "Ministry," who have spiritual oversight and an advisory power in all temporal matters, and the Elders who lead the family, there are deacons and deaconesses, and "caretakers," (overseers or foremen) and an "agent" who transacts business with the world. All these offices are appointive, and the appointing power is in the "Ministry."

Four or five Brethren and Sisters reside in "the office" to care for and conduct it. Sister Emily W. Hampton is in charge. Visitors and hired hands are lodged and boarded in "the office."

New-comers who want to make experiment of Shaker life with a view to joining, are housed and fed at what is called "the gathering family," on the Lebanon pike.

#### HERE'S PURE COMFORT.

While Elder Charles was explaining these things to me, Sister Emily was preparing my room. When conducted to it, I found a very comfortable apartment on the first floor front. A rag carpet laid down in overlapping breadths covered the floor. A brisk wood fire in the close stove sang its low, cheerful monody. In one corner stood the cot bed, roomy and comfort promising, with its fat feather-tick and ample blankets and "comforts." Behind the stove was neatly

piled a good supply of wood, which so long as I stayed Elder Charles kept well replenished. Near the stove hung the shovel, poker, wisp-broom and dust-pan, to inculcate and facilitate cleanliness and tidiness.

Against the wall in another part of the room hung an honest broom, the only kind the Shakers make. A chest of drawers, a wardrobe, a leaf hinged to the wall like a table-leaf to serve as a writing-desk, two plain chairs and a straight-backed, armed, feather-cushioned rocking-chair, which I found to be the acme of comfort, completed the furniture of the room.

#### HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

BY ALICE CARTY.

I THINK there are some maxims  
Under the sun,

Scarce worth preservation;

But here, boys, is one

So sound and so simple

'Tis worth while to know;

And all in the single line,

Hoe your own row!

If you want to have riches

And want to have friends,

Don't trample the means down

And look for the ends;

But always remember

Wherever you go,

The wisdom of practicing,

Hoe your own row!

Don't just sit and pray

For increase of your store,

But work, who will help himself,

Heaven helps more.

The weeds while you're sleeping

Will come up and grow,

But if you would have the

Full ear, you must hoe!

Nor will it do only

To hoe out the weeds,

You must make your ground mellow

And put in the seeds,

And when the young blade

Pushes through you must know

There is nothing will strengthen

Its growth like the hoe!

There is no use of saying  
What will be, will be;  
Once try it my lack-brain,  
And see what you'll see!  
Why, just small potatoes,  
And few in a row,  
You'd better take hold then,  
And honestly hoe!

A good many workers  
I've known in my time  
Some builders of houses,  
Some builders of rhyme,  
And they that were prospered,  
Were prospered, I know,  
By the intent and meaning of  
Hoe your own row!

I've known too, a good many  
Idlers, who said,  
I've right to my living,  
The world owes me bread;  
A right! lazy lubber!  
A thousand times No!  
'Tis his, and his only  
Who hoes his own row.—*Selected.*

STICK to the truth.—*Motto of Lord De Blaquiere.*

I would rather be at peace with conscience  
than possess the world. M. J. A.

## Books and Papers.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. April, Contents: The Occult Forces; Injurious and Adulterated Beverages; The Prayer Cure practically applied; Quinine; Food Adulterations; Hygiene, Its Agency in Therapeutics; Drugs and Medicines; Dental Surgery; Rheumatism; etc., etc. Office 206 Broadway, N. Y.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH. April, Contents: Rev. J. Hyatt Smith; Familiar Talks with our Young Readers; Heredity and its Limitations; Primitive people of the Colorado; Jacob Melton; The backwood's preacher; Jules Verne; Decay of Negro Element in Civilization; Notes from a Teacher's Diary; Decline of population in Rural Mass., No. 3. Animal Magnetism as a Curative Agent; Cancer; Notes on Science and Industry; Poetry, etc., etc. Fowler & Wells Co. 753 Broadway, N. Y.

HERALD OF HEALTH. April, Contents: Health and Working Habits of the German Emperor; Rev. H. W. Beecher on Physical Exercise; Artificial Sleep as a Curative Agency; Spring Food, Clothing, Bathing, etc. Women and the Household, etc., etc. Herald of Health Co. 13 Laight St. N. Y.

A PROVIDENCE of God  
Lies near to every one  
The way that we have trod,  
The travel yet to come.  
Let us pursue with care,  
And meet with humble mind  
Whate'er is ours to bear,  
In this, true peace we find.—M. W.

TRUTH never was indebted to a lie.—*Young.*

## Deaths.

Martha Pease, at North Family, Enfield, Conn. Apr. 2, 1887. Age 81 yrs. 10 mo. and 10 days.

Another faithful soldier of the cross or Christ has been called home. One who was much beloved, a trustworthy member and a burden bearer in our Community for more than sixty years. A. G.

Johanah Bloomberg, at Center Family, Pleasant Hill, Ky., Apr. 10, 1887. Age 59 yrs. 10 mo. and 10 days. She occupied the position of an associate Eldress at the time of her death. Johanah was born in Astrunda Co., Westmoreland State, Sweden. Came to the U. S. in 1847. United with the Believers in 1855 and has been an upright and faithful member. N. B.

Leander A. Persons, at Shirley, Mass., Apr. 12, 1887. Age 75 yrs. 6 mo. and 27 days.

He had lived with the society since the time he was four years of age. He had prepared to unite in the morning worship last Sabbath, but just before the time, fainting, fell on his bed, and suffered from intense pain in his stomach and bowels, till death came to relieve him. His funeral occurred Wednesday afternoon, a goodly deputation from Harvard society attended. Very impressive and interesting addresses were made by many of those present, all of whom seemed thankful to be there, both of those from outside friends and the Brethren and Sisters.

—*Turner's Public Spirit.*

Hannah Parkhurst, at Enfield, N. H., Apr. 15, 1887. Age 74 yrs. 6 mo. and 4 days.